

A Considerable Change by ImperialMajest

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Summary:

Jonathan accidentally runs into Steve after school in a deserted parking lot.

1. Chapter 1

Chapter I

When he saw him, he was seized with anxiety. They were alone in the parking lot. It was late; school had dismissed hours ago. Jonathan had stayed late to develop photographs, and Steve seemed to be the last of the team remaining from practice. He stood by his car, fussing with his sports bag in the passenger seat. Jonathan hadn't seen him since the smashing of his camera, and the last thing he wanted was to be caught alone. Jonathan began to hurry across the lot as quietly as he could manage, but his car was parked nearly next to Steve's. A horror. He clutched at his bag to silence it from hitting against his leg; he swallowed nervously as he approached.

How could he possibly enter his car quietly when it was parked so close? Should he turn around? Seek refuge before Steve noticed him and waited until he departed? Yes. That was most sensible. Jonathan began to turn on the spot when Steve looked up suddenly from his bag.

"Byers!" he shouted. Jonathan staggered and froze on the spot. "Get over here," he said. Jonathan stared for a moment, wide-eyed.

Should he run? Just run away? If Steve wanted to beat on him, he could surely outpace him in little time. But would he bother with the trouble? Cowardice, Jonathan thought, to run, to degrade one's self, to show such fear for one so lowly. He pointed his chin out and marched for Steve's car defiantly, however foolish. When he reached him, Steve finally zipped up his bag and threw the car door shut. He crossed his arms and leaned against the vehicle. His old shirt was sweat-soaked, as was his hair, which was pushed back away from his eyes, and he wore small, brightly colored gym shorts, which exposed much of his legs. Jonathan couldn't help but admire the muscle tone.

"What are you doing here so late, Byers? You don't play anything," he said rather derisively.

"I was just developing my pictures, the last of them, that is," Jonathan said rather quietly.

"The last of them?" Steve said. Jonathan glared at him. "Ah, right." he said, "The last of them. Good." He nodded staring down, perhaps almost guiltily. Curious. "Well, now I don't need to worry about you creeping on Nancy." He said with a sudden rush of renewed anger in an almost defensive sort of way.

"I'm not a creep," Jonathan whispered.

"You are!" Steve growled as he stepped forward menacingly. Jonathan retreated only to quickly find himself pressed up against the side of another car.

"You don't need to be so concerned, really. I'm not into Nancy, I'm not," Jonathan tried to assure.

"Everyone's into Nancy," Steve said. He was nearly on top of him, merely inches away. It was made all the more intimidating by his superior stature. Jonathan shook his head. "Then what are you into, Byers?" he asked, his eyes narrowed. A large, warm hand grasped him on the slope between his shoulders and neck. Jonathan swallowed. Another hand tentatively wrapped around his side. "What are you into, Byers?" he asked again, his voice rather hushed. Steve's eyes slid side to side to reexamine the parking lot. They returned to Jonathan's face and gazed into his eyes. Jonathan was frozen.

Slowly Steve's lips parted as his head turned to the side and descended. Soft, warm lips were pressed against Jonathan's, gently lifting and falling gracefully. Jonathan's wide eyes quickly relaxed and then fluttered shut. He kissed him back hesitantly and felt his hands slowly reach up and rest uselessly against Steve's chest. They kissed like that for several moments before Steve gently opened Jonathan's lips with his tongue. It explored around carefully, probing his mouth. Jonathan, having no experience with such things, imitated what Steve was doing.

They soon broke apart, both breathing heavily. Steve took a step back and looked around nervously whilst rubbing the back of his neck. His other hand was groping at the front of his tight-fitting, brightly colored, athletic shorts where an enlarged, hardened member could be seen protruding. Jonathan's heart rate hastened still more. Steve threw open the back door of his car and then looked back to Jonathan.

"Get in?" he asked. Jonathan paused for a moment, confusion over what had just happened colliding with memories from before making him hesitant. He then dropped his bag upon the pavement and carefully crawled into the back seat. Steve followed rather quickly and snapped the door shut behind him.

Inside the car, Steve was almost on top of Jonathan, his knees on either side of Jonathan's legs while he braced himself up with one hand on the seat beside Jonathan's side and the other clutching on a headrest. Their faces were inches apart, and Jonathan could feel his

short breaths warm on his face. Steve stared into Jonathan's eyes for a moment before pressing their lips back together; sweet, but hungry kisses. His pelvis soon came down upon Jonathan's hips and began to grind, uncontrollable and needy. Jonathan could hardly believe what was happening. His hands gently rested on Steve's hips as he continued to kiss him and rub against him with his stiff erection. Jonathan had become desperately hard, himself and began to push back against Steve's thrusts.

Before long, Steve began to make small whimpers and then seized Jonathan around the middle and rolled, flipping them so that Steve was now lying on the seat with Jonathan on top of him. He kissed him again and again, and then broke away for air, with warm, tender hands placed on either side of Jonathan's face. He stared into Jonathan's eyes for another long moment, one of his thumbs making small circles on one of Jonathan's cheek. He then lowered his hands to Jonathan's waist and then shifted him to one side carefully. One arm was wrapped around Jonathan's shoulders while his other hand began to grope at the front of his shorts yet again. He pulled on himself several times before turning his head to look down at Jonathan.

"Will you?" he asked simply. Jonathan swallowed and looked down at Steve's tight shorts before giving a small nod.

Jonathan pushed himself back atop of Steve carefully and then gave him a nervous kiss. Steve gave him a slight smile. He then worked his way down Steve's body until he reached the golden metallic waistband of his shorts. Jonathan's heart was racing, and his breaths were short and somewhat uneven. Sensing his nervousness, Steve shimmied his body as he slipped his shorts and his briefs down to his knees. His stiff, arching penis was revealed and bounces against his lower abdomen. One of Steve's hands came up and squeezed it several times, and he whimpered again. Jonathan pulled Steve's hand away and replaced it with his own. The skin was warm and smooth in his grip. Jonathan gave it a couple of strokes, which quickly brought Steve to cries. After a moment of hesitation, Jonathan finally plunged it into his mouth. He sucked while bobbing his head before pulling it from his mouth and licking it up the side, this eliciting a soft moan from Steve.

Jonathan peered up to look Steve in the face and saw blissful pleasure in his expression. His eyes were closed, and his swollen lips were parted slightly. His hair, which had already been damp with

sweat from practice was even darker and fell backward, away from his face. His face glowed. Jonathan's own arousal was becoming too much. It began to fuel his ministrations. He worked faster and harder on Steve until he was lifting up off of the seat. Then there was the final cry. His lower abdomen made several spasms, and he came in thick, shooting jets into Jonathan's mouth, which he swallowed without hesitation. Steve was panting heavily and began to stoke Jonathan's hair, his long, calloused fingers running through the now sweaty strands.

Steve's hands slipped from Jonathan's hair down to his upper arms and began to pull him upward. Jonathan complied and slid up to lay beside him on the long back seat. Steve kissed him with great intensity and slipped his tongue deep into Jonathan's mouth. He then broke from his mouth and began kissing down his neck in hungry desperation. Steve's hand slid under Jonathan's shirt and started to stroke the smooth skin of his torso. After lifting up the bottom of his shirt, he slipped down to kiss Jonathan's belly while his hands made quick work of the button and fly of his jeans. Steve pulled swiftly on the denim and revealed Jonathan's white briefs, which had become much too constricting as was proven by the hard erection protruding through the tight fabric.

Steve pressed his face into Jonathan's groin, rubbing his face against the hardness. Jonathan produced the smallest of whimpers. He rubbed over it with his hands through the fabric while biting his lip, his brown eyes glazed over in desire. Steve finally pulled down the underwear to release Jonathan's now painful erection. He took the stiff member into his hand quite confidently despite having never before done this. His hand was gentle, but firm and stroked it a number of times, rubbing his thumb over the swollen head. Jonathan's head was tilted back; eyes clamped shut with desperate need. Steve Slipped his mouth around the head of his penis and sucked gently, flicking his tongue across slit upon the top. Jonathan was now quivering as he slowly placed his hands on either side of Steve's neck.

Steve could see Jonathan could not take much, so he slipped his entire length into his mouth. He slid his organ in and out of his mouth in rapid succession as Jonathan's thighs began to clamp around his head. Steve continued to move faster and faster and slipped one of his hands down and cupped Jonathan's balls in his warm palm. Steve could feel them beginning to retract as Jonathan

began to thrust upward into his mouth. Finally, he cried rather loudly and spilled into Steve's throat. Steve drank down the salty fluid happily and then let the softening member fall from his mouth. He reburied his face between Jonathan's legs inhaling before placing a small kiss on the inside of his leg.

Steve crawled his way back up Jonathan and wrapped his arms around him tightly, burying his head into the other boy's neck.

"Was that okay?" Steve asked, trying very hard to disguise his nervousness with bravado. Jonathan nodded rather quickly, making Steve smile. He looked at the clock in the dash and saw the time.

"Shit, I gotta go," Steve said. He threw open the door and stood up out of the car on to the pavement fully exposed. He reached down to his ankles and retrieved his shorts, pulling them up to re-conceal his manhood. Jonathan shimmied his jeans back up and redid the fly before exiting the back of the car. Almost immediately, Steve, had Jonathan pressed against the side of the vehicle. Jonathan's eyes widened expecting Steve to threaten him for his silence, but Steve just pressed his lips back over Jonathan's passionately before breaking away, his breathing heavy.

"That was so hot, Byers," he said smiling wide enough to expose his handsome, white teeth. Jonathan couldn't help but return it. "I'll see you around?" It was barely a question, but Jonathan could sense the hopefulness hidden behind the casual confidence that he so easily embodied.

"I hope so," Jonathan said, a response he thought he would never give to Steve Harrington. Steve couldn't hide a small smile.

"Later, Byers," he said as he slipped into his car and drove off in an instant. Jonathan stared after him for a long moment before clumsily collecting his bag from the pavement and fumbling for his keys.

2. Chapter 2

Chapter II

Jonathan had to continue to be cautious at school despite the strange turn in relations between himself and the most popular person in school. Of course, the only people who knew were Jonathan and Steve, and Jonathan was determined for his own sake, as well as Steve's, that it remain that way. Jonathan was concerned whether there would never be any further mentioning of what transpired between the two of them, that Steve may well try and ignore it ever happened. True enough, they had not exchanged words since that evening. However they did pass each other in the hallway at school and Steve, despite having one hand tightly wound around Nancy, would always catch his eye. Sometimes Jonathan could see him suppressing a smile, and occasionally there was a small wink of one eye. All of this would make Jonathan feel warm in the face and make his stomach flip in a not unpleasant way.

"What are you smiling at?" Nancy suddenly asked as she and Steve proceeded down the hallway towards biology. Steve looked at her rather surprised.

"Nothing," he assured. Nancy raised an eyebrow and then caught sight of one Jonathan Byers against the wall where they had just passed. His head was down, and he looked extremely nervous and embarrassed.

"Steve! Are you still giving Jonathan Byers a hard time?" She demanded.

"What? No, of course not. You told me to lay off him," Steve said, though he seemed to be hiding an impish grin.

"I don't believe you," Nancy said. "And it's going to stop."

After Biology was lunch and Steve quickly found himself being dragged by Nancy to the very back corner of the cafeteria where Jonathan Byers was seated alone. It was apparent he had not been expecting us by the expression on his face when we sat down. Nancy sat across from him, but just to prove that he had no animosity, though perhaps some other feelings, Steve sat down right next to Jonathan.

"Wha-what's going on?" Jonathan stuttered to ask.

"We were going sit with you today," Nancy said, "if that's alright."

Jonathan's eyes shifted from Nancy to Steve and then nodded,

however, he remained to look somewhat confused, or was it shocked? Nancy led the conversation, well dominated it, is more like it, as she was almost the only person who spoke, but that made things easier for Steve, who was uncertain of what to say, and certainly easier for Jonathan, who was as shy as ever and entirely out of his element. He chewed slowly and tried to avoid looking at Steve, however, he kept finding his eyes wandering to his left to steal a glimpse of the other boy.

Steve felt nervous, a strange giddy kind of nervousness. He could feel Jonathan's shoulder brushing against his when he leaned forward and kept widening the spread of his legs so that their thighs were always touching. He kept seeing Jonathan steel glances at him, which Steve found very amusing. It was all he could do not to smile, but he resisted, Nancy had proven herself too perceptive as far as expressions were concerned.

Steve was so close to him. His shoulder against his own, his thigh kept pressing against his, he even started knocking his knee against Jonathan's in a playful manner. Jonathan felt himself getting hot around the collar; he was terrified that he may begin blushing again. Without really thinking Steve slid one of his hands from his lap and on to one of Jonathan's thighs beneath the table. Jonathan's eyes widened as his back stiffened. Steve's thumb began making small circles on Jonathan's knee.

"You okay, Byers?" Steve asked innocently.

"Yeah, um, I gotta go," Jonathan said, before bolting from the table and rushing out of the room. He dashed down the hall, down a flight of stairs and into a bathroom. Clutching at the sink, he tried to catch his breath. Staring in the mirror, he hoped the blush in his cheeks would soon fade. What was going on? What if Nancy had seen? Jonathan rearranged his pants to try and make them more comfortable on account of the unfortunate stiffening that had occurred due to Steve's attention. After splashing some cold water on his face, he made ready to leave.

Before he could however, the bathroom door was thrown open by none other than Steve. Jonathan was stunned, even as Steve rushed forward and placed his lips on his desperately.

"Steve!" Jonathan managed to say as he broke away for air, "We can't, not here. We really shouldn't at all."

"What? Why?" Steve said as he pressed Jonathan back against the sink and began nuzzling at his neck, his hands taking hold of his

waist.

"We'll get caught and, um, you're with Nancy, remember?"

"No one's gonna come in here; it's the most out of the way bathroom in the whole place. And what's the big deal, it's not like you're a girl," Steve said as he started placing kisses on his neck. "Just two guys hanging out... having some fun."

Steve, who was only wearing some track pants, pressed his hard erection against Jonathan and made a sighing kind of sound. It wasn't long until his lips found Jonathan's again.

"Do you do this with other guys?" Jonathan asked nervously when they broke apart again. Steve's face changed to one of almost confusion.

"No, of course not," he said.

"Then why me?"

"Do you not like it?" Steve asked, he now the nervous one.

"No, no. I do. Really, I like it," Jonathan fumbled, feeling his face get hot again. "But why do you?"

"Cause, you're cute, Byers. Sexy too," he said with a sly smile. "It was so hot what we did the other night; I've just been jacking off to you ever since."

"But--"

"Byers, I'd love to talk more, really, but we don't have a lot of time right now, and I really need something done about this," Steve said as he rubbed himself against Jonathan yet again.

"Can we talk after school, or, umm, practice?"

"It's a deal," Steve said as he covered Jonathan in more kisses. "Now turn around."

"What? Steve, I don't think--"

"Don't worry about it, I'm not gonna do that, not here at least," he said with much implication. "Now turn around." Jonathan complied, and Steve unbuttoned his pants and slid them down below his ass. He then pulled out his erection from his track pants and pressed it against Jonathan from behind. He thrust and thrust into Jonathan's backside whispering both sweet and depraved things into his ear, and before long he was spilling out on to the back of Jonathan's briefs.

"Oh God, Byers, you make me crazy," he said as he pulled Jonathan's pants back up and then slipped his dick back into his own pants.

"Can't wait to talk," he said genuinely as he placed a soft kiss on Jonathan's lips. "See you later," he said before leaving the bathroom. Jonathan let out a long contented sigh as the butterflies flew up

through his chest. How could he possibly wait until the evening to see him?

3. Chapter 3

Chapter III

“Steve?” Jonathan called cautiously into the Boys’ Locker Room. He had waited down the hall at a discreet distance until he could see the team depart. By his count, only Steve could have been left, but he could have easily missed someone.

“Yeah!” called a familiar voice. Jonathan felt a small smile form on his face.

Jonathan slipped inside the door, through the restroom area, and into the larger part of the room, in which many lockers stood tall, bolted against the ceramic-tiled walls. Steve was standing in front of an open locker, still in his clothes from practice. He was still damp with sweat.

“Hey!” he said warmly with a wide grin. “You waited for me.”

“Of course,” Jonathan said without thinking before cursing himself. Did that seem like a pathetic thing to say?

Steve pulled off his sweat-soaked shirt and cast it down into the depths of his locker. Jonathan tried to act unabashed, but he couldn’t help but think he was staring. Steve’s body was so well sculpted, his muscles defined and glimmering from the sheen of sweat he was still wearing. Before Jonathan could finish admiring his upper body, his small shorts fell to his ankles and were kicked off. He stood there only clad in his briefs, every muscle showing: his whole form on display. Jonathan could barely control himself. A hard-on had quickly arisen, and he was doing his best to adjust his jeans.

“Jonathan? Jonathan? You there?” To his horror, he realized Steve had been talking, but he hadn’t heard a word of it. Jonathan’s face blushed terribly. “Like what you see, Byers?” Steve asked salaciously.

“I, I... Umm,” Jonathan stuttered in horror.

“Hey, relax, it’s cool,” Steve reassured with his handsome smile. Jonathan couldn’t help but return it. “I’m gonna hit the shower,” Steve said, “wanna join me?”

Jonathan’s eyes widened. The thought of being completely naked with Steve was both thrilling and terrifying. The idea of Steve seeing him completely naked was beyond terrifying, especially after seeing him in his full glory.

“Relax, Byers,” Steve soothed as he approached him and pulled his backpack from his shoulder and placed it at their feet.

So much of his bare flesh was so very near; it was enough to make one light-headed. Steve's nimble fingers pulled at Jonathan's shirt and then quickly undid the button and fly on his jeans. Jonathan kicked off his socks and sneakers and then stood there, now he too only in his tight briefs. His hands were clasped before him so that they concealed his arousal and so his arms could cover some of his less developed upper body.

In one fluid motion, Steve stripped the last garment from his body and strolled into the tiled alcove that contained the shower, which housed a central column of sorts made of stainless steel. Upon this were many showerheads. The sound of running water came, and then puffs of steam began to billow out. Jonathan timidly stepped over to the shower and peered in to see his glorious naked body made slick with hot water. He just watched for several moments, his erection becoming painfully hard as his arousal intensified.

Steve opened his eyes and saw Jonathan watching from the door.

"You coming Byers?" he asked playfully.

"I don't think I should," the other boy replied sheepishly.

"Oh, don't be shy," Steve said as he strode over to the door. He pulled Jonathan's arms away and saw what he was hiding behind his clasped hands. Steve smiled. "You don't need to be embarrassed with me," Steve whispered into his ear before placing a small kiss on his cheek. "Come on in," he said. After one more small moment of thought, Jonathan slipped out of his underwear and entered the steaming room. He walked around to the showerheads Steve had turned on and stood beside him under the running water. Steve turned his body and revealed his own stiffening penis before giggling boyishly.

"You turn me on too," he said as if we were children exchanging secrets.

Steve retrieved a bar of soap from the tiled compartment in the wall and began to lather up his hands.

"Turn around," he said, and Jonathan complied.

Steve began washing his back, first starting with the shoulders and then working downward. His hands were soothing and Jonathan's eyes fluttered closed as the other boy tended to him. He soon came to his lower back and after hesitating slightly continued down to his ass. Jonathan's eyes flashed open, but he didn't protest. He couldn't help but take his hardened member into his hand and begin stroking himself with the pleasure of Steve's touches.

“Will you do me?” Steve asked softly. Jonathan nodded and turned around and took the soap in one hand.

Steve braced himself slightly forward with his arms against the wall displaying his long back and muscular butt. Jonathan swallowed hard and began to wash him. His skin was so very smooth, and Jonathan felt the need to savor every moment. Soapy water ran down him as he massaged the large expanse of skin. He took note of every freckle and occasional mole that ran across him. He quickly, or so it seemed, found his way to the round, tight muscles of his butt and paused before mustering the courage to continue. Steve sighed contentedly as Jonathan continued. When he had finished there, he worked his way back up his back to his shoulders where he continued to rub.

“Steve?” Jonathan asked in his somewhat customary nervousness.

“Mmm,”

“So, so what exactly... What would you say we are? Are we friends?”
There was a small pause.

“I hope so. I’m your friend now, aren’t I, Byers? You’re my friend?”

“Yeah. Yeah, I’m your friend,” Jonathan assured, seeming to know the answer only when he had said it.

“Good,” Steve said with a sigh of relief. He stood back upright and then turned to look Jonathan in the face. He wrapped his arms around Jonathan’s naked body and pulled him nearer.

“But, are we just friends?” Jonathan continued. Another pause.

“No, no, definitely more than just friends. We’re definitely more than friends,” he said with a dirty smile. Jonathan couldn’t help but smile back. Steve seemed to make him smile so easily. “Is that okay with you, Byers?” Steve asked, suddenly showing his nervous side. Jonathan nodded quickly.

“No, that’s definitely okay with me,” he assured.